



On October 17<sup>th</sup>, Chapter 72 held their annual Fall meeting at their northern safehouse, in the White Mountains, the American Legion Post-83 in Lincoln, NH.

Although the beauty of the fall foliage season was beyond it's peak, a total of 26 attended an afternoon of camaraderie, friendship renewal, and an opportunity to meet new acquaintances and make new friends.

At the business meeting, a plaque was presented to Gert Friel, honoring her husband, SFC Edward Friel, who recently passed on. Chaplain Jim Crispin presented the plaque at our October meeting.



Gert brought to the meeting a beautiful quilt, which was made from her departed husband's favorite T-shirts and ties. Everyone was awed at the intricacy and beauty of this wonderful work of art.



At the conclusion of the meeting, the chapter enjoyed a fabulous meal of prime rib, prepared by our host, AL Post 83. (See the picture above, in the next column.)



Below is a reprint of an essay, written by SFC Edward Friel, regarding his experience in Vietnam. The essay was published in The Advisor in 1975. It was entitled "Vietnam, a place where I found beauty."

Looks of horror and dismay are what most people's faces reflect when I talk about Vietnam. When I asked why the look, they all reflected the same thoughts: horror, misery, suffering, and the lost of limb and life. This I could comprehend, because I walked through that valley of horror for almost three years. Many times I stepped cautiously through villages in ruin, the smell of death hanging heavily in the air, the cries of mourning pierced both ears and heart, the hollow eye sockets of young

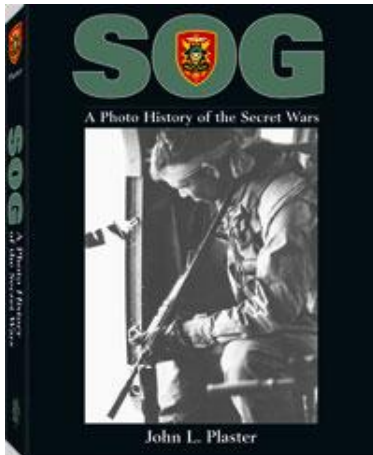


# SFA Chapter LXXII Newsletter

## The Trojan Horse Chapter



and old burned into my heart with “why”, the maimed and the heart, the hollow eye sockets of young and old scared victims begging for an end of suffering. Yes, I remember all of this and more gory things that I would ever want to put into words, but yet the same Vietnam, to me,



means beauty. Let me try to explain where and why, I found Vietnam, to me, means beauty. Let me try to explain where and why, I found this place of horror to be a place of beauty. It wasn't the people, or a city, or a building, nor a scenic view. – What morning was it? I couldn't say, because,

there were so many mornings I watched the sun rise in South Vietnam, while waiting to leave an ambush site that I had been sitting in, all night.

One of these mornings, I did a foolish thing; I let my mind play at it's fancy. Mr. Sun, the conductor, walked out on his stage, and tapped his baton on top of the mountains. His orchestra and chorus began to harmonize with the rhythm section of chatting monkeys; all to the slow beat of the water buffalo's hooves, while pulling a plow through the muddy rice patties. The warm breeze through the jungle's canopy made up the wind section.

What selection were they playing? I do not know, but it's sounds were soothing to my ears. All hell soon broke loose and the sounds of gunfire filled the air; my peace of mind was broken by the sounds of war, which was reality. The seconds became minutes and the minutes seemed like

eternity.

The phantom had struck and the horror was here again, but the silence returned as fast as the horror had started

Like the conductor, Mr. Sun, waited for his audience to clear their throats, he stood high on his platform, waited patiently and raised his baton. The orchestra played again, as if nothing happened; no death, no horror, just a short delay.

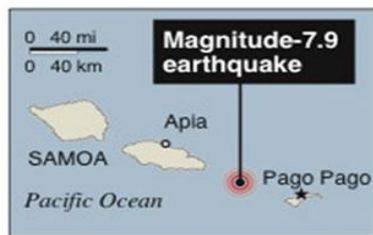
This is where I found beauty, in Vietnam. Mother Nature, in all her glory, waits for no man, nor his deed, but creates beauty in the midst of anything - if you only let your heart and mind search and find it!





**American Red Cross**

At our October meeting, the chapter voted to donate the sum of \$500 to the American Red Cross, for their relief efforts in American Samoa. The donation was made in the name of brother Mau Pau, who still has relatives on the island. Mau Pau is famous for his “roast pig” events, which were some of our chapter’s largest fundraisers.



A special thank you to Margaret & John Qualls, who attended our October meeting and made a generous donation of \$50.00 towards this relief effort.

**New Member**

Allan Ward, at our October meeting, requested a transfer from chapter 54 to chapter 72. Allan resides in Campton,

NH. The transfer has been made official and we welcome brother Allan to Chapter 72 and our growing membership in the North country.



Thank you to brother Tom Corbett, for his generous donation of many SF related books to Chapter 72. An auction was held at the October meeting and raised a total of \$72.00. The remainder of the books will be auctioned off at future meetings.



Tom also donated an old newspaper that was published in February 1967.

The newspaper “The Plymouth Record” has an article and photos of a Green Beret Parachute Jump, which took place in Ashland, NH. Ashland is located in the White Mountains of NH. You can view the article and photos in the “Member” area of our website.



The January meeting will be at the VFW, in Merrimack. The dinner will consist of Roast Beef and Ham. The date is TBA. Check the website calendar for updates.



May every Special Forces Home be blessed, this Thanksgiving, with family, good friends, good spirits, good food and good times!



If you need to correspond with Chapter 72, you can send your e-mail to:  
**secretary@sfa-72.com**



Above is the official chapter logo. T-shirts will soon be available with lettering below, such as: Life Member, Member, Associate, Decader, Spouse, or other preferences.



A Taliban was sitting in a cave when he hears over a dune the voice of an American SF soldier: "One SF soldier is better than 10 Taliban fighters" so the Taliban, angry, sends over ten of his high-ranking soldiers. After a lot of gun fire and yelling and screams of agony, the Taliban hears the voice again. "One SF soldier is better than 100 Taliban fighters" So the Taliban sends over 100 of his highest ranked soldiers, sure of victory. After a lot of gun fire and yelling and screams of agony the Taliban heard the voice again. "One SF soldier is better than 1000 Taliban fighters" So the Taliban sent his toughest, meanest, personal guards over the dune. After hundreds of bullets fired, and explosions and the screaming and crying, it was over. The Taliban was now

wondering what happened, so he goes over the dune where he finds a wounded Taliban soldier who says "don't send anymore men it's a trap, there are really two of them!"



Chaplain, Jim Crispin is recovering from tendon surgery, in his left shoulder. He can't drive yet, but hoping to do so soon. He should be back to work the week of Nov 9<sup>th</sup>. He anticipates to have about 8 weeks of therapy. Chapter 72 wishes him a very rapid recovery.



